







To make you win, deblack ass?
A homier mag is really rare.
And yet your eyes find beauty there!
Could you see yournel as othern do.
Twould knock conceit all out of you.

Here's a card brimning with antiment for "bin" or "ber" - the kind you can't bay anymore - not alone 100 years ago when these little dandles were popular. Today's cards are all sugar and spice. Hence our effort to apply the victions people. In these sensons you have dearly? These are for you.

Cut sut un dotted lane



Your portrait here you see, 'Twill make you rather valu. For though in some respects

\* Courter of Receives Greening Green





#### Propie ore knokes Nothing bothers them SUMMOLE

Youknow the Thomp-

was sub-machine Tem Poston is crading on the cover? Well it was a wicked looking thing. a real Chicago typewriter . . . weighed a ten. Stide the belt back. snak! - press the trig-

So we kept this chopner in the recention room for a day, Right out on the coffee table in the main stream of teatile. Mensenser lyon - letter carriers - salegmen - the coffee kid ... they all come by the table and we could just as well

have left a magazine laying there as a machine gun. No-So we took the thing out into the teeming streets, and walked around awhile.

Next week we'll try stroffing through the bank - H. K. whose Valentine Greeting is on our cover and who's act-

ing in our famette (that's an Italian sanry-telling technique: see more 15 fee HELP's version) which trils about what a mon really wants. All the photographs, fumetti and cover, were done in two

hours flat, and that's the fastest photo session continity Poston New III and out of our studios Ekc a choerful whirtwind. And at that, we were lucky to get him. As the

sical, "The Conquering Hero," Tom had been repart as the son of a Manne hero whose efforts to emulste

Sulvin Miles his father bring pienty of hilatious troubles down on him. his friends and his home town.

SYLVIA MILES ... is the sex bomb of all off-Broadway, and the only actress ever to have appeared in two plays umultaneously. Sylvia commuted by motor scooter (that alone is enough to iam

traffic) between the first act of "The Bakony" and the second act of "Camino Real." She's still appearing mathely and voluptuously in "The Balcony" at Greenwich Vil-



lage's Circle-in-the-Square Theater, Movie-poers have seen her in "Murder, Inc." and can look forward to seeing more of her in the upcoming Warner Brothers' producgon, "Parrish," Actually, you can see quite a bit of Sylvia in the fu-GEORGE KIRGO

writer, humorist and familiar parler must of millions as a resular corticipent on the Jack Paur Show, is now a contributing editor of HELPi His column (see page 8 ) will be a monthly feature, and he'll cover the news-



George Kirgo (and friend) cretitating editor

behind-the news-behind-the-news of current events, which means just about anything. This month it's on the clubbing to death of St. Valentine, and next month is arrybody's exess.

Anyway, what we want to say here is that we're happy, overto have one of the top American humorists with us. (We owe it all

to Simon and Schuster, publisher of the book that made us contact George, which is titled - vs ready? - How to Write Ten Different Best Sellers Now In Your Spare Time and Become the Flest Author in Your Block Unless There's an Author Already Living On Your Block In Which Case You'll Become the Second Author On Your Block and That's Okay Too and Other Stories.) GYPSY AND PAUL COKER

Having tried artist Coker's coursee by sending him to Cube for the last issue, we rewarded him by taking him backstage at the big, gusty, lusty Breadway musical called "Gypsy." (See page 43) - G. S.



Pechaps I'm a resist or even eracy, but what you supposedly price as "patire", I see as fact and everyday seeliny, Cookl # be that life slielf is becoming a

Le Roy F. Brunk Vernal, Utob

... nuts to Rufe Karraker who protests the "Jesus Saxes" cartoon in a premous issue. I thought it was one of the funniest I've seen in many a moon and I hope you'll be printing more of this IS. The college bramer magazines are quite profictor in this type of human,

and I for one wouldn't be mad if you expanded the feature. Mike Deckinger

... everyone needs HELP1 at ore tene or other, and I hope you'll be able to convince every-

samuel, pages 12,33 in this case one I feel was're going a bet easy on the "beto" department I say let 'er mp.

bring this to your attention for two reasons The first one in Sey Chanler This Week Magazine that your couders will realize One 1936 question: Why 461

you gut Nixeo first when prodisting the next proudent? Alphabesculty, whether hy last name, first name, middle parts. political party or party sym-hal "President" Kennedy comes

Gary Delaie Jamestown, New York Wait'll all the absence bullets

the October issue and center

Nancoher) for Jerk Days I

are likely to thick that Juck

WBA .... 7 On page six of your December HOME YOU CATTY & letter asking "where the devit is Jack Davis

You answer, "see pages 24, 28, 33 in this eee for Jack Davin smally had me course for a whole-It appears to me that this letter

OH WELL ... After looking over your maga gase I think it is an insult to would be interested in this band

is old ) By the way, who the . I would say that you have Michael Butthawa socies other conses. I have just firmled reading your

almost every one of the more

You manifered = 24, 28, 46

56, center servad, 32-33 - had

pechana on them. (With the

thought in mind. Davis to likely

ment of the photos are from

real old moves and that is lighter

Davis is a photographer since lose your shirt on this deal.

ents - ed.

Stray Gibbons Des Moires, Iona

Bill Cellen

NBC-radio studien

A Miller

Placement Directo

"HELP" needs no belp it's starting to swing. Jack Lazan WNEW radio station

the agency the kid was supposed elothes.



## For the Birds

A discourse on St. Valentine's Day by George Kirgo





In view of the circumstances surrounding his denise, it seems in poor taste to colchrate St. Valentine's passing as we do — with come greeting cards or heart-shaped, checolate-covered noughts. After all, we don't commenciate Veterans Day with puzzus and Mitmorial Day has never been an occusion for exchanging pile, except performs the processing of the

haps with certain sadistic cubs. Why then is St. Valentine's Day treated so festively. The the Fourth of July and Hazukah and other great American baidsays. After exhaustive research (The Resolet's Encyclopedia, p. 980), I have uncarthed a curious fact which sheds little light on this enigens but it's kind of interesting:

Pobersey 14 — St. Valention's Day — was once celled Jano's Day's — and who was Juno's You know Juno, Ouen of the Roman dedies and a granishy progrous goldess (a regular Versus), men worstipped Juno — and and just because the was a goodests. You say, Juny was, even for those times, either locations (thus the expression. "What is no errar as a drive in Juno" !!...

Anyway, Fehruary 14 was Juno's beithday. I down't have to till you about the hirbday purios the Romans used to throw. The Greeks Inda a weed for six orgy (rd.). And Juno's Day was the bagger rd. of the year - 26 foul, fus-

filled hours.
It was during one of these orgies that St. Valentine was elabbed to death. As we all know from personal experience, orges can get out

of hand
As I said earlier, this is
presty fiscensing staff, but
where does it leave us? Our
question (why is St. Valentine's Day a gala holiday?)
remains unanswered.



=¢∆ (Ong)



Happy St. Valentine's Day

doesn't it. Yes, it does. Let's face it: some questions will picking pur shoups remain unanswend (Is there an afterlife? How do vos spell "sperate"). Valentine:

But nd desperandom (as Juno often told the Romans). S History (The Reader's Encyclopedia, p. 978) reveals another, possibly more sortificant, odditive.

According to universal ancient tradition, February 14 was the day when herds chose their matter for the year! It's a fact. That's what Shakuspeane was referring to in Midgammer Night's

Dream when he wrote, as you all no doubt meal:
"Good morrow, frunds!

St. Valentine is past, Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?" Perhaps this is the clue we've been searthing for is the why we celebrate Valentine's Day with such gaety — because bards of a feather are coupling sogith-

er? Beestse we're happy for them? I'm inclined to think so. Coincidence — the fact that Valentine died while cagles and condors and vultures and sparrows were

Sticky Sentimentality

picking partners – makes Valentine's Day the giddy occasion that it is. In other words – and no disrespect to St. Valentine – we observe St. Valentine's Day in spite of the Valentine

St. Valentine.

Of course this is merely one bird-watcher's opinion. You'll have to decide for yourself. Before you do, consider this:

have to decide for yourself. Before you do, consider this: What happens the minute we've consumed our New Year's Eve hoose, streament, home, clappers, and hitarious hats? Why, even as we sures our hangovers, our eyes and ears are immediated with

a new mus of mechanise — and when a maid Thus — and when a maid Thus devotion—cutsh and enally sticky with saminentably or scheme or again. The provides well of the provides well of the provides when the high pedials. And worse, those crapping observable companies when the provides well of the provides when the provides when the provides well as the provides when the provides when the provides well as the

For the Birds

don't we celebrate Valentine's Day the way the birds do it?

The way we do it no — that's for the birds.



At nine fortyseven Sam Weber made his first simple living thing

# CHILD'S PLAY

After the man from the express company had given the door an unipped slam, Sam Weber decided to move the tage crate under the one light bulk in his recent, lives all very well for the mesonager to drawl, "I dramo. We don't send 'can, we gast deliver 'em, mixer"—but there must be some mildly hard explanation.

He straightened and frowned down at the garish card which contained his name and address as well as the logend 
-"Merry Christmas, 2161."

A jobe? He didn't know anyone who'd think it furney to send a card dated over two hundred years in the future. Unless one of the consedition in his law school graduating class meant to record his opinion as to when Wober would

The letters were shaped strangely, come to think of it, sort of green streaks unstead of lines. And the card was a sheet of gold!

Sam decided he was really interested. He ripped the card aside, tore off the firmsy wrapping material — and stopped. He whistled. Then he gulped.

There was no top to the box, no slit in its ride, no handle anywhere in sight. It seemed to be a solid, cabical mass of brown, stuff

He select the corners and strained and grunted till it tifted The underside was as smooth and innocent of opening as the rest. He let it themp back to the floor. "Ah, well." he said, philosophically, "it's not the gift;

Many of his gifts still required appreciative notes. He'd have to work up semething special for Aust Maggar, Her nockies were things of cubatic horney, but he haids't even sent her a lear handlorchief this Christman. Eyery cent had gone into buying that brooch for Tima. Not a ring, but maybe she'd consider under the direumsnances-

He reened to walk to his bed which he had drafted into the additional service of desk and chair. He kicked at the great box disconsolately. "Well, if you won't open, you won't open." As if smarting under the kick, the box opened. A cut arecuted on the unoer surface, widered racidly and folded

chapped his forehead and addressed a rapid prayer to every god from Set to Pather Divine. Then he remembered what he'd said.
"Close," he suggested.

The box closed, once more as smooth as a baby's anatomy.

"Open."
The box opened.
The interior was a crazy mass of shelving on which rested wish filled with blue liquids, lars filled with resides, transcorrent tubes showing velow and green and

orange and mauve and other colors which Sant's eyes didn't quite remember. There were seven pieces of inticate apparatus on the bottom which looked as if tubehuppy radin hums bad assembled them. There was also

a book.

Sam picked the book off the horsom and noted numbly that while all its pages were metallic, it was lighter than any pager book he'd ever held.

any paper book he'd ever held.

He carried the book over to the bed and sat down. Then
he took a long, doep herath and turned to the first page.

he took a long, doup heath and turned to the first page. "Gug," he said, exhaling his long, deep hreath. In mad, groen strucks of letters: Baid-A-Man Set \*3. This set is intended solkly for the use of children between the ages of sleven and thirteen.

use of children between the area of devices well different. The equipment means abmond the BHG-AMM Son I and Z, will causile the child of this squ-propor to Son I and Z, will causile the child of the squ-propor to Control of the Co

member—only with a Bild-A-Man can you build a man!
Weber slammed bis eyes shut. What was that gag in the
mayic be'd seen last mglk? Terrific gag. Terrific pricties,
too. Nice technicolor, Wonder bow much the director
mede a week? The cameraman? Five hundred? A thousand?

He opened his eyes worthy. The hex was still a squat cube in the center of his room. The book was still in his shaking hard. And the room road the same.

whaking hand. And the page read the stone.

"Only with a Bild-A-Man can you build in man?" Heaven
help a neurotic young kneyer at a time fike third.

There was a price list on the next page for "rollls and
additional parts." Things life one liter of Terroglobin and
three gauss of assorted enzymes were offered for sale in
terms of one share fifty and three sharek forty-live. A note

on the bottom advertised Set \*4: "The thrill of building your first Eve Marsian!"

Fine print amnounced par, pending 2158.

The third page was a table of contents. Sum gripped the

The third page was a table of contents. Sum grapped the edge of the mattress with one sweating band and read: Chapter 1—A child's garden of brochemstry. Chapter II—Making simple fiving things indoors and

Chapter III-Mannkins and what makes them do the world's work.

Chapter IV-Bables and other small humans.

Chapter V—Twins for every purpose, twirning yourself and your friends. Chapter VI—What you need to build a man. Chapter VII—Completing the man.

Chapter VIII—Disseambling the man.

Chapter IX.—New kinds of life for your leisure moments.

Sam dropped the book book and the box and run for
the marror. His face was still the same, somewhat like
bleached chalk, but fundementally the same, the
heached chalk, but fundementally the same, the
refunded or grown fameat! a marrialion or devased a new

as a bug in a hughouse.

Very carefully be pushed his eyes back into their proper position in their sockets. "Dear Aunt Maggie," he began writing feverishly. "Your fast made the most beautiful gift of my Christmas.

My only reget is that I have but one life to give for my Christness present. Who could have gone to such financial lengths for a practical joke? Lew Kinght? Even Lew must have seens recycrace in his instrustive body for the institution of Christmes. And Lew dicht have the harins of the patience for a job so involved. Thru? This had the fine institution for commissation.

all right. But Tina, while possessing a delightful abundance of all other physical attributes, was sadly lacking in funnyhone. Sam drew the leather envelope forth and enressed it.

Sam draw the leather envelope forth and careased it. Tinn's perfume seemed to cling to the surface and move the world hack into focus. The metallic enuring card elisted at him from the

The metallic greeting card glinted at him from the floor. Maybe the reverse side contained the sender's name. He picked it up, turned it over Nothing but hlank gold surface. He was sure of the

Nothing but hlank gold surface. He was sure of the gold; his faither had been a jeweler. The very value of the sheet was reburtal to the possibility of a practical joke. Begids, again, what was the point?

"Merry Christmas, 2161." Where would humanity he in two hundred years? Traveling to the stars, or beyond-

to unimagizable destinations? Using little manuficies to perform the work of machines and robots? Providing children with— There might be another eard or note inside the hor.

There might be another eard or note inside the hox.

Weber best down to remove its contents. His eye rotati
a large grayish jar and the label etched onto its surface:

Debytstated Neurone Preparation, for human construction
only.

He backed away and glared, "Close!"

The thing melted shut, Weber sighed his selled at it and decided to an to had

He regretted while undreasing that he hadn't thought to ask the messenger the name of his firm. Knowing the delivery service involved would be useful in tracing the origin of this prospers with

"But then," be repeated as he fell askep, "We not the git—E's the principle! Merry Christnes, me." The next morning when Law Kaught becard in with his "Good merning, counselor," Sam waited for the first

sly ribbing to start. Law woun't the man to hide his humobehind a backel. But Lew burned his none in "The New York State Supplement" and kept it there all meeting. The other five young lawyers in the communal office appeared either too board or too husy to have Bild-A. Man acts on their concentence. There were no sly grins, no covert gisness, no leading questions.

Tim wallack is at ten o'clock. Icockine like a pin-que gard

caught with her clothes on
"Good morning, connectors," she said.
Each in his own way, according to the peculiar gland
socretions he was emorated at the moment, beamed.

drooked or nodded a reply Lew Knight drooked. Sam Weber beamed.

Tina took it all in and analyzed the situation while she fluffed her hair about. Her conclusions evidently involved leaning markedly against Low Knight's desk and askine what he had for her to do this morning Sam bit savagely into Hackleworth "On Torus " Theoretically. Tine was employed by all seven of them as secretary, switchboard operator and recentionist. Actually, the most frethful performance of her duties entitled nothing more dolly than the turing and addressing of two cryelopes with an occusional letter to be sealed inside Once a week there raught be a wastful little beief which was never to attain judicial scrutiny. Tina therefore had a fair library of fashion magazines in the first drower of her deak and a complete connectics laboratory in the other two; she spent one third of her working day in the Indies' room swanning stocking prices and sources with other secretaries, she devoted the other two thirds religiously to that one of her employers who as of her arrival seemed

to be in the most maseuline mood. Her pey was small but her life was full, Just before lunch, she approached eastealy with the meeting's mail. "Didn't think we'd be too basy this morning, counsaler..." she began. "You thought meetingth, billiss Hift!." he informed her

with a brisk irritation that he hoped became him well, "I've bean walting for you to terminate your social ongagements so that we could get down to what occasionally passes for business."
She was as startled as an uncushiened kitten, "Buy-

but this isn't Monday. Somerset & Ojack only send you stuff on Mondays."

legal drudge-work he received once a week from Somorset & Ojack he would be a lawyer in mome cut, if not in spirit only. "I have a letter, Miss Hill," he cript dispatchly. "Whenever you assemble the necessary motorials, we can get on with it."

get on with it."

Titus returned in a head-shaking moment with stenoeraphic road and records.

"Regular heading tooltys dass," San Began "Address to Chumber of Commerce, Giant Cry, Obb. Gerden to Chumber of Commerce, Giant Cry, Obb. Gerden to Chumber of Commerce, Giant Cry, Obb. Gerden to Company or a fam what any manner at all smaller? I am abo minerated an whether a firm bearing the above, or about minerated and whether a firm bearing the above, or about minerated and the commerce of the company of the principal view Commerce, The inspirely is being made asformily for behalf of a clear to both interested in any mother formily for the commerce, The inspirely a being made asformily for the commerce, The inspirely accident as to the surface of the commerce of the commerce and then they are designed to the surface of the commerce of the commerce and then they are designed to the commerce of the commerce and the many are the commerce and the commerce of the commerce and the commerce and

Tina batted wide blue eyes at him. "Oh, Sam," she becathed, ignering the formality he had introduced, "Oh, Sam, you have another client. I'm so galed. He leoked a little simister, but in such a distinguished manner that I was certain."

of an declarity.

The winder of the minister that if it wern't for the winder of the minister that if it wern't for the winder of the minister that if it wern't for the winder of the minister that if it wern't for the winder of the minister that it wern't for the winder of the wind

approciated."

feeling that she had almost added 'san pid." "When I came in this merent, there was this memby still all men in a long black overcost taking to the elevator operator. He transed on an elevator operator. It mean—and said.
This is MF Weber's socratory. She'll be able to tell you can be also still you can you can be a

I in lave you know, it he is your new circus. She sat these and began breathing again. Tall, sinster old men in long, black overcoats pumping the devator operator about him. Hardly a matter of basi-

ness. He had no skeletons in his personal closet. Could the censected with his untitual Christians protent? Sam hummed mentally.
""—but she is my favorite tunt, you know," Tins was saying. "And she came in so temperately." The grif was explaining about their Christians date. Sam felt a rule of affection for her as the lexingle forward.

"Don't bother," he told her "I knew you couldn't help breathing the disc. I was a little sore when you couldn't help breat I get over at; nover-hold-a-gradge-against-a-pettygrif San, I'm known as. How about lauch?" "Lusch?" She flew distress signals. "I promised Lew,

Mr. Knight, that is-But he wouldn't mind if you came

## ful of his own annoying medicine.

Low Knight took the business of having a cowel instead of a party for intend as badly as Stan hoped he would Unfortunately. Low was able to discribe details of informations are, the probabile fees and possible details forthcoming case, the probabile fees and possible details to be reaped thereof. After one or two attempts to being an internoting will he was replexable for Societies 4. Opack into the convensation, Sam subsided injudy-decame. Low immediately dropped Rocential vs. Roscolemans. Low immediately dropped Rocential vs. Roscolemans.

thal and lorend at Time conversationally.

Outside the resourcast, sow descolared into sluth
Most of the stores were removing. Climstense displays, Sam
noticed construction sets for children, haload by similar
giffering with straticaal issue Build is radio, a skysoraper,
as simplane, But "Colly with a Build-Adma can you'll

"I'm poing home," he smouseced sudderly. "Genething
important I just memoribored. If a systing corners up, call

ampoints I pait remembered. If anything comes up, cell The was known Leve va char field, he do limesed, no ke fixed as out or the subway. But the little result was late the field was finder in scient when he was comed as when he wants. I suppose Leve Knight, he had been called in two he wants. I suppose Leve Knight, he had been called in two the wants. I suppose Leve Knight, he had been called in two the sourcest apposedance on driven-filling substances. Sunticlusters also begin we will be a substance of the contract proceedings of the substances of the contract of the conference of the contract of the contract of the conference of the contract of the con-tract of the con-the con-tract of the con-tract of the



But it would have been nice, with Tina, to have "got"

it.
As he unlocked the door of his room he was surprised by an usmade hed telling with rumpled steedsm of a chambernaid who'd never come. This hadn't happened before—Of course. He'd never belood his room before. The girl must have thought he wanted privacy.

Maybe he had.

Auth Maggie's ties glittered obscenely at the foot of
the bed. He chucked them into the closet as be removed
his hat and cost. Then he went over to the washstand and

his hat and cost. Then he went over to the washstand and washed his hands, slowly. He terned around. This was it. At last the great cubical bulk that had been larking quietly in the corner of his vision was square-

by before him. It was there and it undoubtedly contained all the outlandish collection he remembered.

"Open," he said, and the box opened.

The hook cell course to the results table of contained.

The book, still open to the metallic table of contents, was lying at the bottom of the box. Part of it had slipped into the obsenber of a strange piece of apparatus. Sam picked both out gingerly. He slimed the book out and project the apparatus

consisted mostly of some sort of binoculars, supported by a coil and table arrangement and bening on a flit groon plate. He unred it over. The underside was lettered in the same streaky way as the book. "Combination Electron Microscope and Workbornth,"

Microscope and Workbench."

Very carefully he placed it on the floor. One by one, he removed the others, from the "Junior Biocalibrator"

the box in five multi-colored rows the pitials of lymph and the jars of basic cartilage. The walls of the chest were lined with indesorthably than and wriakled abcats; a slight pressure along their edges expended them into threedimensional outlines of human organs whose abuse and six could be varied with entities any near of their surface.

-most indubitably molds.
Guite an assortment. If these was anything solidily scientific to it, that box might mean unimaginable wealth.
Or some very useful publicity. Or—well, it should mean

something!

If there was anything solidly scientific to it.

Sam flopped down to the bed and opened to "A Child's

Garden of Biochemistry."

At nine that night he squatted next to the Combination
Electron Microscope and Workbeach and becam occasing

octain small bottles. At nite four-nevers Sam Weber made his first sumple leving thing.

It wasn't much, if you used the first chapter of Genesis as your standard, has a primitive brown mold that, in the field of the niteroscope, field diffidently on a piece of prettag, put forth a few sports and died in shout twenty minutes. But he had made it. He had constructed a specific first-from tector in the constituents of a specific prettagic, it could not feed on the constituents of a specific prettagic, it could

survive nowhere else.

He went out to supper with every intention of getting drunk. After just a little alcohol, however, the delish feel-



Help! presents...
TOM POSTON,
star of the Becodway musical,
"The Conquering Hero,"
and Sylvia Miles,
sex bomb of off-Becadway
in...

## Baby, it's Occult Outside

Ed Fisher High above the

city, inside of a hundred egg-crate office subdivided into a thousand children a thousand different drames daily take place. This, then, is such a drames...





















BY BILL HELMER

Clank-clark!
Simmon had part
stagled two beins thick
sets of papers
ogether, almost half an inch thick
sliogether. Arnold's
machine oxided vide that

No, no, no. Arnold thought as he stared into the sheaf of papers before him on his desk. He wasn't looking at the papers, in fact they were a few inches out of focus of his reading glasses, but they gave his hands something to do while he meditated on the problem. It was unreasonable, he decided, for a grown man like himself to take a minor business sethack so seriously, and certainly it would be foolish to take this matter on with Mr. Ewest. No he would certainly not do that. That was definite. In the first place it would be different to make him understand something as intangible as this . . . the matters of prestige and respect which were involved. It was simply that if anyone in the office was in line for a new stapler, it was quite obviously Arnold himself. Certainly not Simmons. At kast two other people had seniority over Simmons, and Arnold Wooten had undisputed seniority over both of them. There wasn't any matter of interpretation, everyone

knew is. Deveyene could count.

A modi lacked up from the papers and gazed at the water cooler which was no located as to gentle thin to observe, in the color of his failed of winds, the dook which sail just to his fail of water from a boung of to make the resident has a failed to be a failed of the maked the new stapler. Stimmons was been porming at a short of givens, permitting Armello to look directly at the stagles which can be a failed to look directly at the stagles which can be considered in the color than Armello A. And immost of ming faced and then done than Armello A. And immost of ming faced and then

bouncing locarly on its spring, as Arnold's did, it operated with a soft clickiny-elick which begoes its tips, efficient mechanism. It was a fold count, life, that of the door control of the soft country of the control of the springer of the sprin

Determine some on an 2-to ergonom.

Looking down at his own supper, Arnold observed that it was one of the older types; black creakle faish, founds of it exacted oil; an and it sets five inches high with its plunger protraining upwareds, covered by a black tubber cap whose design had long since own off. The expense of the other contribution of the other

ing moll the movement finally desiped likelf our. He thought about Simmons himself, He never hed likel stim grouple. He never hed likel stim grouple. And Simmons hand always... but it wasn't right to think the things about popels, Arend their himself, it wasn't charitable. What if one of those days it turned out that Simmons had lang cancer or TB or learn thread cost that Simmons had lang cancer or TB or learn discussed. That would be turnible and he'd field your yellow having thought both things. Or Simmons could be run over and killed by a subway train this very evening and then teamens whe'd be soor he'd be one contials. It would

certainly look bad here at the office. He wondered if Mr. Everett would then office him the stapler. If so he wouldn't take it. It would look is if . . . well, he just wouldn't take it. Amold stuffled the papers, slipped the top page under-

Arnold shuffed the papers, slipped the top page undernestly, squared the stack with his fingers, and thought Actually, he should have expected something like this after the way Simmons had been playing up to Mr. Everett. A lot of people noticed it: Semmons always getting a drink of water whenever Mr. Ilverett did and then chatting with him there at the cooler. The only reason Arnold hadn't thought about it before is because it always seemed so ... so ordinary. Now it made some. But he never thought it would lead to ignoring the traditional rights of fellow accountants. Personal things should not be allowed to interfere with honesty and business, eyer. If Simmons, needed a new stapler he should have sorten Arnold's, just like Arneld had gotten old Mr. Powers' when Mr. Powers received a new one. It's important to have good equipment to work with, especially when you use one many times a day, and it's only right that the senior employees should not first access to new new conjument that's available.

## Chekity-click!

The sound of Simmone' stapler made Amold jamp He looked over and sow that Simmons that gast stapled his shall of papers and was now-slapping them into a marille folder Emberstone of his obvious suchs, Amold qualify control of the papers and the solid papers and the staple of the papers of the pa

602.80 @ 36 ft.

111 S4 p.o.L \$960.42 Net Total

Could all this he a hint that he was not going to get his geomotice? Surely not. He'd had every indication that he'd get another promotion in January '64 But then, Mr. Evenett did let old Ed go. Almost the same way. Just sort of left him out when the others were moved up. Armold withdrew a handforefurel from his pooket and wired exercisions from his hand.

speci perspiration from the minus.

Clickity-click.

Amold kept his eyes on his papers and didn't look up.

Clickity-click.

What was that fool doing? Stopling overything in sight? Showing off his dams chrome-plated mechine? Arrold felt a strong compulsion to lean over and smash the machine with his hand so hard that the stoples would jum up

imide. With no paper, stepies always jam up.

Clank-clank!

Arnold freez at the now sound: Did it brenk? Did the
darm thins suddenly brenk? Carfully. Arnold received

out of the corner of his left toy and discovered the reason for the change in the sound: Simmons had just stapled two extra thack acts of papers together, almost half an inch thick altogether. Amod's machine couldn't do that. A new thought fisshed into Amod's mind, almost startline him it came no says and without men bring the startline him it came no says and without men bring.

searched for. Suddenly it was just there. What if ... , what if his own stapler broke down? It had before. More than once. Before he had simply fixed it and said nothing Didn't take much, just straightening the little track so the stonlys would feed smoothly. It would be natural enough for an old machine like his to break down again. Only this time not fix it ... just take it to Mr. Everett and tell hire it broke. Just like that. He wouldn't have to tell the others why he got a new staples. He wouldn't he about is of course but newhably no one would ask it would seem only natural that he have one of the new chromeplated models. Probably everyone was wondering right now why he didn't have one . . . him, of all persons. So lost take his beeken machine to Mr. Everett ... walt until a few minutes after five, of course, when it wouldn't look strange to see him tolere a stander into the boss's office. Nobody was around after five. But it still might look strange if suddenly he stayed line at his dosk. People might stank. Let them! No be didn't went the others to get the idea he was like Simmons, working late to play up to Mr. Eventt. They probably all dislike Simmons for what he's been doing; to do the same thing, or even look like it,

Suddenly Arnold realized that the people around him were leaving the room. He glanced up in the clock on the were leaving the room. He glanced up in the clock on the wealth. Noon Smilling slightly, he wendered why he hadrod thought of that. No peoplean of suiging after the Period one was gone now and Arnold slowly picked up in the right rand currented it. Their impossibility, he withdraw the opting-leaving the hadrod the slightly in and ynaticel hand until the "Ledwiged transer to the soil of a public hadrod the slightly in the control of the slightly in the slightly in the slightly in the Biveret's door, and worth in.

Mr. Everett, a heavy, completely bold man wearing small rimless glasses, leaked up from the papers spread before him on a large, glass-top deak.

"Yes, Woosen?"
"My stapler, Mr. Extrett It's broken. I was wendermg... well, I staple all my report forms together every
day, sir..."
"Let me see it."
"Arnold missed the startler on the desk and withdrew his

hand quickly. "I don't think I can fee it, sir."

Arnold workend Mr. Evenut turn the stapler over in
his hands, then reach behind ben and deep it into a weate
basket with a clause. Arnold rised to think of semething
cise to say, Mr. Evenut reached in his drawer and withdraws a result have not benefit in to Arnold.

else to say. Mr. Beretti reached in his drawer and withdrew a small box, and bunded it to Armold. "Here: Use paper clips for a few days." Araold operard his mouth and then closed it "You're the second fellow whit's broken his stanler."

said Mr. Ewectt, looking down at his papers again, "I'll order a down new ones... the others are probably ready to fall upon two ... mught as well replace them all," "Yes, sir," and Arnold He could mentally picture the steme! a new chrone-placed stupler on every dook, even crowley's Cowley's ... one year with the firm.

Crowley's Cowley's ... one year with the firm. out of Mr. Doverth's office, and doucd the door brind him St. down the him of the door Inth made a lead clock. Like the glove comput-

FND



# help's public gallery

eliano cersidadore to this feature. HELP will musificat S. St. for even scale seriore and plenomers to HELP 166 SD Armine. Now York from he ares to emission or Stempel self-and arminings for amore relate of all medians.







## wisdom for st. valentine's day

### ON LOVE

Life has a value only when it has comething valuable as its object.-Heart

The fickiness of the women I love is only equalled by the infernal constancy of the women who love me.—George Barnard Shaw

Self-lave makes more liberiess than love.-Jean Jacques Rossman

Woman's virtue is man's greatest invention. -- Cornelis One Shower

Four be the things I'd be better without: Love, curiosity, fraction and doubt.—Denothy Parker
Fis wisked - I is. I's mighty wicked, anyhow, I can't help its—Harriet Beenker Stove

I want to know not his earning power but his yearning power.-- David McCard

I myself am more devine than any I sec.-Margarat Poiler

## "THE OPTIMIST"









# THE SIGNAL MAN BY CHARLES DICKENS

"The spectre came back a week ago. Ever since, it has been there, now and again, by fits and starts." "At the Danger-light?" Halloal Below there!"

When he heard a voice thus calling to him, he was used in the contract of the beat, with a large in his hand, fured round in short robe. Does of, the fured for the contract of the contract of the contract of the three doubted from white quarter the voice came; but, instead of looking up to where it stood on the top of the instead of looking up to where it stood on the top of the instead of looking up to where it stood on the top of the and looked down the Lett. There was sometring remarkable as the mutaer of doing too, through I could not how comply to matter, my cook, even though it is figure was foreshonered and shadowed, down in the deep treach, and must make light how then, as superful that gives we

an angry sunset that I hefore I saw him at a

"Hallas! Below!"
From looking down the Line, he turned himself about gain, and, raising his eyes, saw my figure high above him. "Is there any path by which I can come down and

speak to you?"

He looked up at me without replying, and I looked down at him without pressing him too soon with a repetution of my ride question. Just then, there came a vague witherane in the carth and rir, questly changing into a wideline printings, and an executing real that caused me too sout host, as though it had focus of ones me down, the printing that the case of the control of the printing that had been only that had been

the flag he had shown while the train worth by. I repeated my impury. After a pause, during which he accords to report me with flated american, he motioned with his celled-up flag towards a point on my level, some two or three handled yards distint. I called down to him, "All right!" and made for that point. There, by dint of looking cloudy about me. If more any direct and second any only area descend-

ing path anothed our: which I followed.

The cutting was extremely deep, and musually precipitate. It was made through a climing stems that became occier and worter as I went down. For these reasons, I found the way long enough to give me time to recall a

found the way long enough to give me time to recoil a singular is of reluctance or compension with which he had pointed out the path. When I came down low enough upon the sig-ray descent, to see him again, I saw that he was standing between the rails on the way by which the train had lately passed, in an affitted as if he were writing for me to eppear. He had his keft hand at his othis and these left effects

attitude was one of such expectation and watchfulness, that I stopped a moment, wondering I resurred my downward way, and, stepping out upon the level of the eathroad and drawing nearer to him, saw that he was a dark sallow man, with n dark beard and rather heavy cybrows. His post was in as soliusty and demail a slaw, an aver I saw. On either disk a definition



of this great disagrour, the shorter perspective in the other direction, terminating in a gloony red light, and the gloomic entrance to a black transel, in whose massive architecture there was a barcheous, depressing, and forbidding size. So little punklipit ever found its way to this specif, that it had an earthy deadly smell; and so much cold wand runhed through it, that is struck chill to me, as if I bod left the someral world.

Before the street, was not cought to him to have too had not have too had not have too had not have too had not how had not ha

there was something in the man that disasted me. He directed is most carriers look towards the red light mear the terms of most surfaces look towards the red light mear the terms of a most of the looked all about it, as a something were missing from it, and then looked at me. That light was part of his charge? Was it not? He assecuted in a low veice: "Death you know it is?"

The monatrous thought came into my mind as I perused the fixed eyes and the subtrained face, that the way a spicit.

In my nem, I stepped back. But in making the oction, I detected in his eyes some latent fair of mr. This put the measteres thought to flight. "You look it me," I said, forcing a smile, "as if you had a deemd of me.". "I was doubtful," he returned, "whether I had som you below."
"When you will be the smile of the company of the company

He pointed to the red light he had looked at.

"My good fellow, what should I do there? However, be that as it may, I never was there, you may swear." His manner cleared, like my own. He replied to my remarks with readingss, and in well-chosen words. Had he much to do there? Yes, that was to say he had encuch responsibility to hear; but exactness and watchfulness were what was required of him, and of actual work manual labour he had next to none. To chance that signal to thin those lights, and to turn this iron handle now and then, was all he had to do under that head. Recarding those many long and lonely hours of which I seemed to make so much, he could only say that the routine of his life had shaped itself into that form, and he had grown used to it. He had taught himself a language down bere - if only to know it by sight, and to have feemed his own crude ideas of its prenunciation, could be called learning st. He had also worked at fractions and decircols, and trand a little algebra; but he was, and had been as a boy. a poor hand at figures. Was it necessary for him when on duty, always to remain in that channel of damp air, and



high stone wild? Why, that depended upon times and circomstrose. Under seem conditions there would be less upon the Line them under others, and the same hald good as to certain hours of the day and night. In Feigle weather, he did choose occasions for getting a little showtee fover stadows, but, bring at all more faither to be called by the electric bell, and at such time fasteling for called by the electric bell, and at such time fasteling for propose.

He note in nits to his co., when there was a fan, solds for an affelial book in which he had to make certain carties, a slappinght interneus with it did for an affelial book in which he had not make certain carties, a slappinght interneus with it did for any forming that he was definitioned, and (I hoped in right any without several fair interneus of sight interneus in such-vision would marely be found worself passing the postal of nature would rearry by found when the same of the same and the

had made his bed, and he lay upon it. It was far too late to make another. ner, with his game dark regards divided between me and the fire. He there as the word "Sit" from time to insee, and outpoutsly when he referred to his youth's as bueght to request mis to understand that be demend to be nothing her what I found him. He was several tenses interrupted representations to the contract of the contract of

In a word, I should have set this man down as one of the soften of mon to be employed in that capacity, but for the circumstruct that while he was specific to me he tracks coll with a fallon colour, tenned has face towards the little bell when it do stort integ, opened the door of the last (which was kept that to exclude the unhealthy camp), and looked out towards the end light men the shape of the last the last the last that the capacity of back to the fire with the antiplicable air upon time which I had remarked, which possible sold in the sold in the last which we have the sold in the last the last the last the last the last was the fire with the antiplicable air upon time which I had remarked, which possible sold to other, when we

Said I when I rose to leave Jim: "You almost make me think that I have mot with a contented man," (I am afraid I must acknowledge that I said it to lead him on.)



# SHADOM-STAA

Gahan Wilson



communica



THE SIGNAL MAN con'd from pp. 30 in which he had first spoken; "but I am troubled, sir, I am troubled."

He would have recalled the words if he could. He had said them, however, and I took them up quickly "With what? What is your trouble?"

"With what? What is your trouble?"
"It is very difficult to impart, sir. It is very, very difficult to speak of. Mever you make me another visit, I will try to tell you."

"But I expressly intend to make you another visit. Say, when shell it be?"
"I go off early in the morning, and I shall be on again

at on to-morrow night, sir."
"I will come at eleven."
He chanked me, and went out at the door with me. "I'll show my white light, sir," he said, in his peculiar low

voice, "all you have found the way up. When you have found it, don't call out! And when you are at the top, don't call out!"

His manner secured to make the place strike colder to

me, but I said no more than "Very well."

"And when you come down to-morrow night, don't call
out! Let me ask you a parting question. What made you
rer 'Hallou'l Below there' to-mink?"

"Heaven knows," said I. "I cried something to that effect......."
"Not to that effect, sir. Those were the very words. I know them well."
"Admit those were the very words. I said them, no

doubt, because I saw you below."
"For no other reason?"
"What other reason could I possibly have!"
"You had no feeling that they were conveyed to you

"No."

He wished me good night, and held up his light. I walked by the side of the down Line of rails (with a very disagreeable sensation of a train coming helmad me), until I found the path. It was easier to mount than so descend and I not back to my inn without are abouttor.

Puncate to my appointment, I placed my foot on the first motify of the rapen not unlight, as the distant clocks were surface from the state of the s

forward as soon as were seated, and speaking in a conbut a lattle above a whasper, "that you shall not have to ask me twice what modeles me. I sook you for someone clie yesterday evening. That troubles me."
"That mistake?"

"No. That someone else."
"Who is it?"

in any supernatural way?"

"I don't know."

"I don't know. I never saw the face. The left arm is across the face, and the right arm is waved. Violently waved. This way." I followed his action with my eyes, and it was the action of an arm gesticulating with the utmost passion and volumence: "For God's sake clear the way!"
"One monofilely instell," said the man, "I was sisting

here, when I have a woose cry Hallou' Below there!" a started up looking from that does, and saw this Some one class studies and the start in turnett, waving as a lipst now showed you. The voice sommed house with shouting, and it cried, 'Look out Look cert' And thes again, Hallou' Below there! Look out I cought up my what would be the start of the start of the start would be start of the start of the start of the start would be start of the start of the start of the start would be start of the backstones of the turnet. I advanced so

just outside the blackness of the tunnet. I advanced so close upon in that I woodered at its keeping the sleeve across its eyes. I ran right up at it, and had my hand streeched out to pall the sleeve away, when it was gone." "But the tunnet," said I.

"No. I me on nists the timed, fee hundred yards I steeped and had by high pilotes any beed, and saw the steeped and had by many plotes my beed, and saw the set states steeping down the weak and michage forcego the seek. I em our again, faster then I had run in (for I had a mortal selections of the flowe upon me), and I looked all second the red light with my own rol light, and I were up the looked to the gathery step of it, and I were up the looke and are made in the later. I starting probe of the case down again, and run look little. I would be a looked all second the later. I starting probe of the probability of the later of the later is the later. I starting probe of the later of th

Resisting the above touch of a forcer finger trading our pryspine, I showed him how this figure must be a deepenson of his sense of tight, and how figures, originating in disease of the delicated extract that minister to the functions of the cyte, were known to have often troubled presents, some of whom had become conclusions of the nature of their affiction, and had even proved it by re-presentation of the cyte of the cyt

That was all very well, he returned, after we had sat instring for a white, and he ought to know something of the wind and the wires, he who so often passed long winter nights there, alone and watching. But he would beg to remark that he had not finished: I saked his pardon, and he slowly added these words,

touching my arm:
"Within six hours after the Appendance, the memorable accident on this Line happened, and within ten hours the dead and wounded were brought along through the tunnel

over the pol where the figure had stood."

A disagreeable shadder erept over me, but I did my best appirat in. It was not to be denied, it rejuried, that in was a remarkable, consection, containing the methods and the state of the state of

dences in making the ordinary calculations of life. He again begged to remark that he had not finished

(continued)



I again begged his pardon for being betrayed into interruptions.

"This," he said, again laying his hand upon my arm, and glaining over his shoulder with holibor upor, "but a year ago. Six or seven months passed, and I had recovered from the surprise and shock, when one morning, as the day was branking. I, standing at that door, looked towards the red light, and saw the spectre again." He stormed, with a fixed hook or me.

"Did if cry out?"

"No. It was silent."
"Dad it wave its orm?"

"No. It learned against the shaft of the light, with both hands before the face. Like this."

Once more. I followed his action with my own. It was

an action of mourning. I have seen such an attitude in steen figures on tembs. "Did you go up to if?" "I come in and sat down, partly to collect my thoughts,

"I come in and sat down, partly to collect my thoughts, partly because it had burned me faint. When I went to the door again, daylight was above me, and the ghost was gone."

"But nothing followed? Nothing came of thin?"
He touched me on the arm with his foreinager twice or
thrive, giving a glastify nod each time:
'That very day, is a train come out of the tunnel, I
noticed, at a carriage window on my side, what looked
life a confinence of hands and heads, and something wived.

and put his brake on, but the train drifted past here a hundred and fifty yards or moce. I ran after it, and, as I worth along, heard terrible scenaris and cries. A beoutful young lady had died instantaneously mone of the compartments, and was brought in here, and laid down on this

floor between us."

Involuntarily, I pushed my chair back, as I looked from the beards at which he pointed, to himself.

"The six Ton. Beautiful or it becomes on I tall it.

from the boards at which he pointed, to himself.
"True, sir. True. Precisely as it happened, so I tell it you."

Legald think of pothing to any to any purpose, and my

mouth was very dry The wind and the wires took up the story with a long limenting wall. He resurred, "Now, sir, mark thu, and judge how my mind is ireabled. The spectre came back, a week ago. Ever since, if has been there, now and again, by fits and starts."

"At the light"

"At the Danger-light"

"All the Danger-light"
"What does it seem to do?"
He repeated, if possible with increased passion and vehicutenee, that former gesticulation of "For Ged's sike clear the wey?"

Then, he went on. "I have no peace or rest for it. It calls to me, for meny monotes together, in an appraised manner, 'Below there! Look out! Look out!' It stands wanting of me. It rings my little bell—"
I caught at that. "Did it ring your bell yesterday evening when I was here, set you went to the door!"



"Why, see," said I, "how your imagination minimals year. My yees were on the bell, and my ears were open to the bell, and inty ears were open to the bell, self of I sam a living man, it did not rings at those times. No, not at any other time, except when it was rung in the natural course of otherwised thiose the desirion com-

in the natural course of physical things by the station communicating with you."

He stook his head "I have never made a minute as to that, yet, sir. I have never confused the spectra's ring with the man's. The ghost's ring is a strange witenion in this bell that it derives from nothine che, and I have

not asserted that the bell stirs to the eye. I don't wonder that you failed to hear it. But I heard it." "And did the spectre scom to be these, when you looked

"It was there"

"Both times?"
He repeated firmly: "Both times."
"Will you come to the door with me, and look for it

He bit his under-lip as though he were somewhat uswilling, but arose. I opened the door, and stood on the step, while he stood in the doorway. There, was the

There, were the high west stone walls of the conting. There, were the stars above them.

"Do you see it?" I saked him, taking particular note of his face. Has eyes were greeninest and strained, but not very much more so, perhaps, than my own had been when

"No," he asswered. "It is not there."

"Approd," said I.
We went in again, shut the deor, and resumed our scate.
I was thinking how best to improve this advantage, if it
might be called one, when he took up the conversation in
such a matter of course way, so assuming that there could
be no actions question of fact between se, that I felt my

self placed in the weakest of positions
"By this time you will fully understand, sir," he said,
"that what troubles me so dreadfully, is the question,

"that what troubles me so dreadfully, is the question,
What does the spectre mean?"

I was not sure, I sold first, that I did fully understand.

"What is in warning conject?" be said numinature, with

"What is to warning uplaint?" he abd, runfinating, with his open on the fire, and only by terms turning them on the. "What is the danger? Where is the danger? There is danger owerhanging, somewhere on the Line. Some desadful caloning will hoppen. It is not to be doubted this third same, after what has gone before. But surely this is a crual heartine of me. What case I do?"

making of me, want our 100.

He pailed out he handkerchief, and wiped the drops from his heated forchead.

"If I telegraph Dangor, on either side of me, or on both, I can give no russon for it," he went on, wping the pains of his hands." "I should see into trouble, and do no not

They would think I was mid. This is the way it world work: — Message: 'Danger! Trike care!' Answer: 'What Danger? Where?' Message: 'Don't know. But for God's sake take care!' They would displace me. What else could



mental torture of a conscentious man, oppressed beyond endurance by an unintelligible responsibility involving

life:
"Ween it first though under the Danger-Agin," In went were a first better than the Danger-Agin," In went to have a first been a first better than the decrease and across the temples are under the best and the decrease and

power to sight?

When I saw him at this take, I saw that for the poor when I saw him a this take, I saw that for the poor when I saw him I saw that I saw

That I more than once looked back at the red light as I ascended the pathway, that I did not like the red light, and that I should have skept poorly if my bed had been under st. I see no reason to conceed Nor, did I like the two sequences of the ascident and the dead gift, I see no reason to conceal that, either

reason to control triat, control tri

Canaba to overcome a feeling that there would be sense.

Unable to overcome a feeling that there would be sense.

Unable to overcome a feeling that the tot for the control of the control

Next evening was a lovely evening, and I walked out early to empty it. The san was not yet quite down when I traversed the field-path near the top of the deep cutting. I would extend my walk for an hour, I said to myself, half an hour on and half an hour bock, and it would be the tree to go to my signal-man's box. Before pursuing my stroll, I stepped to the beink, and mechanically looked down, from the point from which I had first soon him. I cannot describe the third which seized upon me, when, close at the mouth of the turnel, I saw the appearance of a man, with his left sleave across his seven, nascinnably wavieth his eithe arm.

The nameless hour that oppressed me, possed in a memorar, for in a memoral I see this appearance of a minuwas a men indeed, and that there was a little group of other men standing at a shorter distance, to whom he seemed to be rehearing the gottern he mode. The Damperlight was not yet highest Against its shirt, a little low hu; curriety new to me, had been made of some wooden sup-

ports and tarpassin. It looked no bigger than a bed.

With an arrespitible series that something was errorg—
with a flashing self-reproachful fear that fatal mischelhad come of my leaving the man there, and essaing no
one to be sent to overhook or corrors what he did—I de-

mu come or try serving the man ture, and entains no
one to be sent to overhook or correct what he did-1 deseended the notethed path with all the speed I could make.
"What is the matter?" I asked the man.
"Signal-man billed this morning, ar."
"Not the man belonging to that box?"

"Yes, sir."
"Not the man I know?"

"Not the man I know?"
"You will recognise him, ser, if you knew him," said
the man who make for the others, solemnly uncovering

the man was spake for the others, sommitly uncovering his own head and rising an end of the tarpaulin, "for his face is quite composed."

"Ol how did this happen, how did this happen?" I

saked, teering from one to another as the but desect in organ.

If the was set down by an eagint, six No man in Bergland know his work better. But sensitive he was and clear of the outer rail. It was jost at beend duy. It had stronk the light, and had the large in the hand. As the engine can be used to the stants, his took was towned her, and the out his older that man offered her, and was absorting the cast him down that man offered her, and was absorting

The man, who were a rough dark daws, stepped back to his fersar piace at the mouth of the tunnell, or his fersar piace at the mouth of the tunnell, or his piace at the crail, the act if I saw his a down a perspective-glass. There was no time to check speed, and I know him to be very careful. As he didn't seem to take heed of the whitely, I shut it off when we were running down usen them, and called to him as loud as I could call."

"What did you say":
"I said, "Below there! Look out! Look out! For God's
sake clear the way!"

I started.

"Ah! it was a degadful time, air I never left off calling
to him. I put this arm before my eyes, not to see, and I
waved this arm to the last, but it was no use."

Without pedenging the narrative to dwell on any one of securous increasances meet than on any other, I may, as classing it, point test the considerate that the warring of the Brigne-Driver included, not only the words which the unfortunate Signal-man had repeated to me as hussing him, but also the words which the unfortunate Signal-man had repeated to me as hussing him, but also the words whach it support—not be—had attached, and that only in my own mind, to the entirelation to the date instance.

BNO



The reason I steep so soundly at night—as if enyone cures particularly—is that my borner reverses are generally confined to the post-mutufinal hours. They show the systems Not other, mind you, but just when I've bockes the law enough so the authorities take some serious notice of me, which suft very offers, thank goodness, because my dormness made authorities of the linear terms and the substances seem this Justice.

League ten dasses Take the time when I was owners in the Army One night. I was being shown around an off-limits bar by an off-duty military policeman friend who unisted the bar was nertly but stuff (it turned out after some furfur assection on my part, that the only reason the ber was off-limits was the kitchen facilities didn't come up to Army standards, which, of course, are notoriously high). Armway, the next might I was hunching over a vendont native beer there with another friend, when the MP of the night before came in, this time on-duty, and the smug Cossack arrested both of us. We not off with a lengthy memorized warring from a borod captain, but even so the strain was by all sorts of outboottes in all sorts of serminous kitchess - for a full week, and I couldn't cut a thine for days Criminal downares weren't for me, and until I was discharged I only seres to bare with contains hitchess. In fact I still do, just to be on the sofe side.

The reason Pm bringing all this up is that I think Pve out broken the law and Pm worned. As a matter of face. wormed dear reader that the discourses are back What happened is I bought a new mattress - one of those garishly nationed things which are supposed to do wonders for your back - and I was testing a cut at my spectment when I noticed a piece of rectangular cloth hanging from of stray cloth or threads from otherwise neat items, so I blittely enned the material from the mattress and was about to discard it when I spotted some printing. Right at the top of the cloth strip it said in black letters: "DO NOT REMOVE THIS TAG LINDER PENALTY OF LAW." I least from the mattress as if rulled by some mysterious force. Onlygging slightly and fragme the worst. I mad on "All new motorial consisting of cell spring unit comment with certain sels ... Confidention is made that the materials in this article are described in accordance of law." Then again, "DO NOT REMOVE THIS TAG

Oroping my way to a deak drawer, I freerioldy jammed the tag under some ansoceron-looking papers, then unstanding possed updayd a doubt knock, marraning all the white that codings was ready wrong. Probably happens a thomasoff terms a day all over the content; if grants on the content of the

UNDER PENALTY OF LAW!"



fax, nonclaimity patting saids a board offine of "The Assessor of Metherodor," which improped to be thimbhouse or of Metherodor, and smithing over to the does with a display of superh upper-class poles, as in my uses in these revertex. I opened the door with a fitterish to find a stocky, unfing caps with a sharply-insmer Gred for this measurable and a block bowler. An until merculasma have provided from his month, "Pallo," there," he said

hasg rakishly from his mouth. "Helio, there," he said pleasartly, "Mind if I drop is for a bit?" I knew who it was, of couse, and I must admit to blanching slightly under my carefully acquired copper ton. But calling forth the artful discipline I was fancius for. I smile the dell'cous mile I reserved for funciality

to, "I sarred the law and said warmly," And you would be Inspector —"
"The name's Cringely," he captained, offering his hand, which I perfuncturily shook. "Harry Cringely. Dush' bother a jut about me: Pd last like a look accusal, ho

may Shristly routine."
"To what purpose am 1 baseced by your presence, Inspector." I ventured in chifty innocence.
Crimgly started. "Oh, I am surry I should have experience eight off. I'm with the Fags and Labels Davision of The Department. Most people haven't heard of it must deep by Me T and I am make aper checks to see the

we drop by. We T and L men make upot checks to see the law's being complied with. Your place was up for inday, so here I am Don't pay me any mind; Til have a look around and ask a few questions. Nothing to nother about? As delicately as possible under the circumstances. I poured myself some sherry. Holding the sherry gloss at waits level, I slipped my fror right head into the pocket of my double-branzed afternoon blazer, feeling the reassuring cool steel of the understand Luger I insweisibly kept there. I impreperaphly cleared my throat "Eastedy what soor of law are you checking on?" I asked.

what nor of law are you checking on "I lacked. Chingdy's cycs starewed, his shoulders traightened. "I'm here to check that articles present are in complusor with acts of Distinct of Columbus, approved July 3, 1926, Kamus, approved March, 1922; Mirassotts, approved April 24, 1927, New Jersey, revised Statutes 26: 10-6 to 18; Louisiana Act 667 – 1948, Missacharetts G.L., Section 270, Chapter 94 – June Mitt Int., in short, my risicion 270, Chapter 94 – June Mitt Int., in Short, my risi-

son is to make sure no leavy dealing, with the removal or adiactions of sings and labels are beforen. Not a body, really, especially when you consider I used to be in Army Kinchen Inaspection? Irration with a gris. "My borne is I booke the electric trainin with a gris. "My borne is at your disposal, linguistics. When would you like to at your disposal, linguistics. When would you like to His syst fixed on a slop-covered sofe, but be idly from greated a where expected tools, they be idly from each a label expected box." Electrosting, this workman-

abig." In mutaned, stopping the led open and shit several street. "Heart, old man, go or with your rending and you to to mind." I see you're personing the "Austrony." For containing staff, "Fee found "He interfered with a few rendered objects and finally saturated over by the setal Causality analyseing the Sign-cover of a prillow, he setal his flagers made and brought forth a small white log. "Then'the thirt reads." It wondered. "See this title! "Then'the thirt reads." It wondered. "See this title!

If you show me

seum into the nillow seam. Now, if that were missing in might mean some trouble. The Department really gets riled when nillows or mattenses are involved. One chan I remember back in "52. I think it was - no it was "53. because that was the year foam rubber pillows made a bee splush - arryway, they had him under the ble lights for thirty-six hours. Finally not what they wanted out of

him, though," "What was that?" I asked, downing the remainder of

my sherry in what I belatedly considered to be a foolish gulp.
"The rogge wouldn't tell what he did with the tag," wishout a label. We ultimately found out what he did

with it. The blighter reallowed it. Imprine! What the criminal mind won't think of, eh? Fascinating mechanism that."

Frathers began to float listlessly in the air as Cringely prodded some furniture. Posture-perfect and tight-lipped, I extracted a Picasure Turkish cigarette from a finegrained Moroscon leather case. Ephting it with my unshaking left hand. My right hand was still isonmed into ray lacket pocket. Eying me cautiously, he cast several pillows, rugs and

small chairs aside and slipped through the hoze of feathers sowards the hadroom door. My whole rotten life flashed hadon not materino esser (in in trong I am alberrio to millione frankers) I care moself in counters similar situations the law about to nownee on my crime and seal up the case against me, while I, inscrutable diabolism my bendmaiden, break capture with wit and cusning at the crucial moment. Were Crimerly to perior the marriage, my heilitant lette sie would be un; he was so susve, so professional. But was I to let doom subvert me? Never, Obviously, I

"Hey there Hold up a moment Cringely." I stid. perhans a his too hoursely for my numoses. "No sense poing in there. There's nothing of interest in the bedroom, I can senire was Anyway. I'm clean - war've seen that much in the living coon. Why waste your volugite time? You're a terribly busy man. Come, my friend, have a sherry; then, perhaps, you'll be my greet at a salmon diener. Later, we could take in the nictures. There's a dends resistors at the Connection - Tons Was Mr. Enhly I think it is, with Derek Chilblain and Lioda Yenda, What

do you say, Inspector?" His continued movement towards the bedroom door was not assumed I was complished and encaying now but I managed to alto between him and the decreasy sorrest. or myself as best I could across the width of it.

Crincoly staned at me, the pixy's twinkle in his own He lit his nine corresponditively. "See here, old hat," he said patiently, "I'm just doice my job, you know. No call to get ruffled. Now relax like a good shop, and, if you've nothing to hide, I'll be out of here before you can say"he record to draw significantly on his briar - \* Do not remove this tag under negative of law."

"Who's ruffled," I said, the corners of my mouth thickenting to an unity sature. "I couldn't be calmer." My right hand, which had sesseely left my pocket throughout Cringely's entire visit, closed onto the smooth Luger handle, "Yes," I repeated, "I couldn't be calmer," and citagely dear out the pletol on that its barred minuted menacinely at Crinetly.

The inspector coolly eved the pistol through the veil of feathers. Then, he looked directly at me, following my course elight measurement. "I detest violence." he said flicking his moustache, "so I'll be straight with you, old sport. My coming here wasn't a routine check after all. We over timed off about you long any through one of our paid informers. We've been wise to your tax-ripping capers for some time now. Even as I speak, your flat is heing surrounded. If I'm not out of here in two minutes. they'll come un. You're finished, old but. Now hand over shart toy before you burt yourself, and let's be reasonable."

At this point, all semblance of poise drained out of me. "Who was the bloody informer?" I acrosmed, waying the Luger dangerously close to my own head. "Your maid - Elfa." Cringely said, knowing he had me I were on no. "She optiond the missing matters for and like the fine citizen she is she told The Department.

Your poose is cooked, champ." "Ellis " I benefued "Ellis turned me in I don't believe is Dear sweet old File We exchanged early last Christ-

mas Ella I can't believe it." Cringely's grin broadened. "Oh, Ella's turoed in at least fifty change like you. Through her we not the tip-off on a fellow named Ed Woolsey who was needling contraband tars and labels to the Russians at a neet profit. She's one of our best, that Ella. Now be a decent sort and lee's have the pistol. You'll get off with eight years, if you believe yourself."

There was a horrendous pounding on the front door. "Those are my colleagues," said Cringely, puffing on his pipe contentedly. "Now you can see you're all played out.
You've blotted your copybook, old bean."

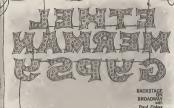
"Maybe I have," I shouted, "but I'm not through yet, my dear Inspector Cringely, not by any means. You see, nearly forgotten about my little permunter here." I leveled my Luser at the inspector's sizable midriff and squeezed the trigger, smirking my finest smirk. There was

a recovering click followed by caching from Crimary. My copybook was blomed. The front door splintered open and five men ... all of grabbing my broken figure. "You see, old hat, we took the precaution of having

the bullets removed from your Luger when Ella told us of its existence. Your diabolical career is at an end. 'Tie eport to have the enritour boist with his own netard'-Hamlet, Act Two, I believe, Take him away, chars," said

"Act Three, you idiot," I murmured, and was led away. . . . . . .

had a distinct feeline of absurdity when I found myself, Scotch in hand, shuffing through some innocentlooking papers in my desk drawer and extracting a cloth tae I had the needle from my old Army servine kit threaded in a liffy, so it just took half a minute to make fast the tag to the mattress with a few rough stitches. It wayn't the best of sewing jobs, but, as I thought rather confidently, anyone - even Ella - would have the devil of a time spotting the difference.



It's pretty

Gypsy — a musical based on the early life of Gypsy Rose Lee — is one of the biggest,

 is one of the biggest, best show biz-lest, smasheroonie shows to hit Broadway in years.

Thousands see it from out front every week. But now we ask you, who ever sees it from out back? Well, you do,

compliments of artist Paul Coker.







Buckstage is a workshop of illusious.



But illusions don't last long behind-the-son





The mystique of make-up is gone.

Onstage-dressingrooms are more glamorous than those backstage





The audience sees only . . .





An actor's state of mind . . . . is different backstage.





Once in awhile, the audience does get a glimpse of backstage problems, and that's part of the excitement of Broadway. CHILD'S PLAY continued from none 14 spain that evenine did he requeture the exulta-

oon of the brown mold, though he constructed a guest protein molecule and a whole slew of filterable viruses. He called the office from the little corner drampore

which was his breakfast nook, "I'll be home all day," he She was a little puzzled. So was Lew Knight who erabbed the phone. "Hey, counselor, you building up a

arathyphory granter? Kid Blackstone is mission out on a lot of cases. Two ambulances have already clamped must the building "Yesh," said Sam. "T'll tell him when he comes in."

The week end was almost upon him, so he depided to take the pest day off as well. He wouldn't have any real work till Monday when the Somerset & Otack banket

Before he returned to his room, he nurchosed a goov of an advanced becteriology. It was amusing to construct -with improvemental-une-collular creatures whose very place in the scheme of classification was a matter for arrament amone scientists of his own day. The Bild-A-Man

manual, of course, mently gave a few examples and general rules; but with the descriptions in the hecterology. the world was his owner. Which was an idea: he made a few system. The shells weren't hard encueh, and he couldn't quite screw his courage up to the earing point, but they were most un-

The manual was fairly easy to follow and profusely illustrated with pictures that expanded into soliday as the page was opened. Very little was taken for granted; involved explanations followed simpler ones. Only the allutions were occasionally obscure- "This is the ponciple used in the phonphophlink toys," "When your teeth are next kekekkled or demorraned, think of the Racterium connecessam and the humble part it plays," "If you baye a ribicular mannikin around the house, you needn't bother

with the chapter on manufers." After a brief warch had convinced Sam that whatever else he now had in his apertment he didn't have a ribicular manuskin, he felt pastified in turning to the chapter on manniking. He had concurred completely this feeling of being Pop players with Junior's toy trust, already be had done more than the world's top biologists over dreamed

what problems might be not yet solve? "Never forget that mannikins are constructed for one purpose and one purpose only." I won't, Sam promised. Whether they are sprittery manditins, tailorine mannikins, priming mannikins or even supeyviagry marnikins, they are each constructed with one operation of a given namers in view. When you make a mannifold that is conable of more than one function, you are committing a

crime so serious as to be punishable by public admoni-"To construct an elementary manufain-"



that the mannikin was complete-or rather, incomplete Long arms it had-although by an error, one was slightly lors. No eyes or ears, no organs of reproduction, it lay on his bed and gurgled out of the red rim of a mouth that was supposed to serve both for ingress and excretion of

food It wayed the lone arms, designed for some one simple operation not yet invented, in slow circles, Sun, watching it, decided that life could be as ugly as an open field latrine in midsummer.

He had to disassemble it. Its leasth-three feet from almost bonoloss fingers to tapering, scaled-off trunk received the use of the tiry disastembleator with which he had taken arent the oysters and miscellaneous small creations. There was a bright vellow notice on the large dissummiliestor, however- "To he used only under the direct supervision of a Census Keeper. Call formula A76 or unstable your id."

Formula A76" meant about as much as "sunevviarry," and Sam decided his id was already sufficiently unstabled, thank you. He'd have to make out without a Consus Keeper. The big disassembleator probably used the same general principles as the small one,

The large disassembleator, Sam was convinced as he

Five minutes later the mannikin was a bright, goory mess on his bed. tidied his room, did mentity the supervision of a Consus Knoper. Some sort of kneper anyway. He rescued as many he doubted he'd be using the set for the next fifty years or so. He certainly wouldn't ever use the disassembleater whole thing into a meat grinder and crank the handle as

it sauxshed inside. As he locked the door hebind him on his way to a gentle

sheets the next morning. He'd have to sleep on the floor tonizht.

Wrist, deen in Somerset & Disck minutise Sum was conscious of Low Knight's status and Tina's nurried glances. If they only knew, he exulted! But Tina would probably just think it "marr-vell-ouss" and Lew Knight might make some cruck like "Hey! Kid Pronkenstein himself?" Come to think of it though Low would probably have worked out some method of duplicating, to a limited extent, the contents of the Rild-A. Man set and marketing it commercially. Whereas he-well, there were other things you could do with the andset. Plenty of other things 'Hey, counselor," Lew Knight was perched on the corner of his desk, "what out these lone week ends we're

taking? You might not make as much money in the law. but does it look right for an associate of mine to sell magevine subscriptions on the side?" Sam stuffed his ears mentally against the emery-wheel

voice. "I've been writing a book "A law book? Weber 'On Bankruptcy'?" "No, a juvenile. 'Lew Knight, Neanderthal Nitwit." "Won't sell. The title lacks punch. Something like



for these days. By the way, Tim tells me you two had some sect of understanding about New Year's Eve and she doesn't think you'd small if I took her out instead. I don't think you'd mind either, but I may be perjudiced. Especially since I have a table reservation at Cajale's where there's yearally less of a crowd of a New Year's Eve.

than at the Automat.

"Good," said Knight approvingly as he moved away
"By the way, I wen that case. Nice juley fee, too Thanks
for asking."

Turn also wanted to know if he objected to the new arrangements when she brought the mail. Again, he didn't. Where hald he been for over two days? He had been husy, very busy. Something entirely new. Something

important.

She stared down at him as he separated offers of used care guaranteed not to have been driven over a quarter of a militon miles from caresing remenders that he still owned half the tutions for the last year of law school and

owed thalf the tustion for the last year of law school and when was he going to pay it? Came a letter that was notifier bill nor ad Sam's beart momentarity lost interest in the monotonous round of pumping that was its lot as he stared at a strange postmerk: Glant Ors. Ohn.

Dear Sir:

There is no firm in Glain City at the present time bearing any same similar to "Bild-A-Min Company" nor do we know of any such cegamonton platning to Join our little community. We also have on thoroughfur called "Datgenal", our north-south streets are named after limits rittle with our cast-wast aronus are fisted merically as multiples of fine.

Glum City is a restricted residential township, we in-

tend to keep it that Only small retuiling and service establishments are permitted deer. If you are interested in building a home in Glient City and can furnish proof of white, Christian, Anglo-Saxon ancestry on both udes of your family for fifteen generations, we would be glid to furnish further information.

Thomas H. Plantagenet, Mayor

P.S. An surfield for privately owned jet- and propellerdrivers alreaff is being built coulde the city limbs.

That was sort of that. He would get no refills on any of the vials and bottles oven if he had a loose stunk or

of the vials and bottles even if he had a loose slunk or two with which to pay for the stuff. Better go easy on the material and conserve it as much as possible. But no dis-

assembling! Would the "Bild-A-Man Company" bugin manufacturing at Glast City some time in the future when it had developed into an industrial metropolis against the constricted will not its restrated electracy? Or had his package slid from some different track in the lumine time stream, some as no be born on another-dimensional earth? There

stread wills of its restricted citizenty? Or had his pockage sild from some different track in the lauress time stream, some art to be born on mother-dimensional enth? There would have to be a common enjar to both, the why the English wordspt? And could there be a purpose in his barrige received, it, beneficial-or echterwise? That had been saking him a question, Som dezoded his the-eposses feather-eccelistical and considerate but quittthe-eposses feather-eccelistical and considerate but quitt-

d "So if you'd still like me to go out with you New Year's

Eve, all I have to do a still Lev that my mother expects

it suffer from her gallstones and I have to stay home. Then I

think you could buy the Cipale reservations from him
then."

"Thesics a let, Time, but very beneatly I don't have the loose cash right now. You and Lew make a much more legical couple grayhow."

Less Kurlett services that Less cut thereby

Low Keight wouldn't have done that. Low out throats with carefree zest. But Tima did seem to go with Low as a type. Why? Until Low had developed a mised eyebrow where

This was concerned, it had been Sam all the way. The rest of the office had accepted the fact and moved out of their path. It wasn't only a question of Lew's greater success and financial well-being just that Lew had decided he wanted Tim and hed not be

The bart. This wear's special; she was no cultural companion, no intellectual equal, but he wanted her. He have being with her. She was the woman he desired, nghthy or wrengly, whether or not there was a sound biass to their relationship. He remombered his parents before a railway secident lead orphaned him: they were theoretically incommentative, but they had been remembly bears were they

He was still wendering about it the next night as he flipped the pages of "Twinning yourself and your friends." It would be interesting to twin Tina.

"One for me, one for Lew."

Only the horrible possibility of an error was these. His

her of society."

manifolis had not been perfect, its arms had been of unqual length. Think of a physically lopided True, something he could never being himself to dissessemble, limineextraneously through Hie.

And then the book warned: "Your constructed twin,

though resembling year in every obvious detail, has not had the slow and guarded maturity you have enjoyed. He or she will not be as stable meatably, much less able to cope with ususual situations, much more propos to neurosis. Only a professional caramphototro, using the finest equipment, cie make in exact copy of a human personality. Yours will be able to live and even reproduce, but nover to be accepted as a wild and reasonable members to be able to the situation of the control of of the co

Well, he could chance that. A lattle less stability in Tinu would hardly be noticeable; it might be more desimble. There was a kneek. He opered the door, guarding the box from varw, with his body. His landstay, "Your door has been locked for the past week, Mr.

"Your door has been locked for the past week, Mr.
Webe; Then's why the chambermend hasn't cleaned the
room. We thought you didn't want asyone inside."
"Yes." He stepped into the hall and closed the door behind him. "I've been doing some highly important legal

"Oh." He sensed a murderous curiosity and changed the subject.
"Way all the fine feathers. Mrs. Lieunti-New Year's

"Why all the fine feathers, Mrs. Lipanti-New Year's Eve party?"

She smoothed her frilled black dress self-consciously, "Y-yes. My satter and her heabtend came an from Springfield teckay and we were geing to make a night of it. Out-

... only the girl who was supposed to come over and mind (continued)



their bury just phoned and she the last flexing well. So I gapes we well go auties somebody far, in man unless we need they are so well as the some of the last was some of the last some of last some of the last some of last so

the last lace remarkably geometry the enter when he has been a true queries on the base of 10 concern E liber the such a to to operation on the base of 10 concern E liber the enter's two billion learness, when on the possession of the properties of the contract the properties of the contract the contrac

thing.
"I'd be glad to watch the beby for a few hours." He
started down the hell to santispace her polite protest.
"Don't have a date tenight myself. No, don't mention it,
Mrs. Liparn! Glad to do it."
In the healthap's apartment her nervous sister briefed

damage done. Not much, anyway."

He saw them to the door. "I'll be fast enough," be assured the mother "fast so I get a hist."

Mrs. Lipanti paused at the door. "Did I tell you about the man who was asking after you this afternoon?" Again? "A sort of tall, old map in a tenz, black over-

cost?"
"With the most frightening way of staring into your face and talking under his berath. Do you know him?"
"Not exactly. What did he wars?"

Not except you man the wants was a Sam Wasser Irving here. "Well, he saked if there was a Sam Wasser Irving here." White was a lowyer and to been spooring most of his time who was a lowyer and to been spooring most of his time. Welcz-opport first parse in Sam?—Who answered to that electrifying, but that the last Weaver had moved out over a year ago. He put looked at me for a while and said, "Weaver, Weber-they might have made is a error," and wilked out without so much as a good by or excuss me-

Not what I call a polite gratherman."

Thoughthly Sara walked back to the child. Strange how darp a nearing livine he had formed of this mail Possibly because the two women who had not him this far had been very impressionable, littling the lost triber stories the impression was then to be received. He deplied there was any ristillate, the main had been looking for him an independent was then to be received to be a superior of the main back to be a superior of the main had been looking for him an independent week proved that, if did warm as if he were further interested in roccing him and live week in the results.



least shadow of a doubt. Something of a legal mind, that.

The whole affair centered around the "Bild-A-Main" set he was positive. This shulking investigation hadn't started until after the gift from 2161 had been delivered—and sam had started using it.

Sam had started using it.

But till the character in the long, black overcoat paddled up to Sam Weber personally and stated his business, there wasn't very much he could do about it.

Sam went upstain for his Junice Biocarbitrator.

He propped the manual open against the side of the bed and switched the instrument on to full seamning power.

The infant gurpled thickly as the calibrator was rolled slowly over its full body and a section of metal tape unwound from the side with according to the manual. a

completely detailed, physiological description.

It was detailed, Sam guped as the tape, running through the enlarging worker, gave information on the oldel for which a pediatrician would have taken out at least three ameripages on the immortal soul. Theyroid capacity, chromosoms quelly, exceled content. All bedeen down in the content of the content

tions while active and at rest.

This was a biseprint; it was like taking canous from a baby.

Sam left the child to a puzzled contemplation of its navel and ened unstains. With the tane as a saide he

sizes. Then, almost before he knew it consciously, he was constructing a small human. He was amazed at the case with which he worked. Skill was evidently acquired in this game, the maniskin had been much harder to put tegether. The matter of duplications and working from an informational tape simplified.

tion and working from an informational tag his problems, though.

The child took form under his eyes.

He was finished just an hour said a half after he had taken his first measurement. All cacept the visitions. A moment's pouse, here. The ugly prospect of disassanibility stopped him for a moment, but he shook at off. He had to see how well he had done the job. If this child could breathe, what was not possible to him! Besides he couldn't keep it suspended in an insurinose condition very long without resulting the first of retaining his work and the

He started the visibleer. The child shivered and began a low, steady cry. Sum tore down so the landfoly's spartment again and socoped up a square of whate linen left on the bed for energen-cies. Oh well, some more clean sheets.

ones. Oh well, some more clean sheets.

After he had made the necessary repeirs, he stood back
and took a good look at it. He was in a sense a papa. He
felt as proud.

If was a netfact little creature, olossing and round with

"I have twinned," he said happily.

Every detail correct The two sides of the face correctly unexact, the duplication of the prisinal child's lanch at



health.

the very same point of classion. Some hair same eyes... or was it? Sum hear over the infant. He could bean easiers the other was a blende. This child had dark hair which seemed to erow darker as he looked He grabbed it with one hand and nicked up the junior

hierallyman with the other Downstairs, he placed the two habies side by side on the

plaziarism, was now a definite branette The bosedibrator showed other differences: Shirbits factor reales for his model. I court blood sount. Minutely higher cerebral encodes, although the content was the same. Adrerolin and bile secretions entirely matike

It added up to creer. His child might be the superior specimen, or the inferior one, but he had not made a true cony. He had no way of knowing at the moment whether or not the infant he had built could grow into a human maturity. The other could

Why? He had followed directions faithfully had evensulted the calibrator tape at every sten. And this had resalted Had he waited too long before starting the vitalizer? Or was it just a matter of insufficient skill?

Close to midnight, his worsh definately neighted our It would be necessary to remove evidences of behy-making before the Sisters Lapanti came home. Sum considered possibilities swiftly.

He came down in a few moments with an old tablecloth and a cardboard carton. He wrapped the still in the tablecloth, warmely harmy that the temperature had given that night, then placed it in the curton. The child gurgled at the adventure. Its original on the

bed second in return. Sam shaped quietly out into the street Male and female drunks strephical alone toodfor on tow trumpets. People wished each other a hechappy new year as he strede down the necessary three blocks As he purposed left, he same the sign; "I Johns Housedline Home." There was a holy burning over a side door. Con-

Sam shrunk into the shadow of an alley for a moment as a new idea occurred to him. This had to look accurate life. pulled a pencil out of his breast poexes and scrawled on the side of the earten in as small handwriting as he could

Please take good care of my darling little mri. I am not

Then he denouted the custom on the docuten and held his finance on the hell until he bound movement made. He was access the street and in the affey again by the time a It wasn't ustil he walked into the hearding house that he terrembered about the navel. He stopped and tried to

need! No he had held his hade out adheat a sens? Her helly had been perfectly employ. That's what come of hurryine. Shockly workmarship There might be a hit of toudo in the foundling home when they arraymed the kid. How would they explain it?

Sam slapped his forehead, "Me and Michelangelo, He adds a navel, I forret over Expent for an occasional error, the office was fairly

## SCHOOL OF MARRIAGE ...









## FOR BRIDES MND GROOMS



book when he was aware of two people teetering awkwardly near his dosk. His eyes left the manual reluctantly: "New kinds of life for your lessure moments" was really

Tina and Low Kinght.

Sam digested the fact that neither of them were perched

Tina wore the little ring she'd received for Christmas on the third firger of her left hand; Lew was experimenting with a sheepish look and finding it difficult. "Oh, Sam Listinght, Lew..., Sam, we wanted you to

"Oh, Sam Last mght, Lew . . . Sam, we wanted you to be the first—Such a surprise, like that I mean! Why I almost—Naturally we thought this would be a little difficult

"Son, we're point, I man we expect—"
"-to be morroot," Lew Keight finished in what was almost an undertone. For the first time series San had known him he looked uncertain and suspecious of life,

like a man who finds a newly-hatched octopus in his breakfast orange juce.
"You'd adore the way Lew proposed," Tina was gushang. "So rouselabout. And so shy. I told him afterwards

mg. "So rouselabout. And so sby. I told him afterwards that I thought for a moment he was talking of screenling chic criticily. I did have trouble understanding you, didn't I, dear?"
"Bul? Oh walh, you had trouble understanding me."

"Hul?" Oh yeah, you had trouble understanding me."

Low stared at his former rival, "Much of a surprise?"

"Oh, no No surprise at all. You two fit together so perfectly that I knew it right from the first." Sam mambiod

his felicitations, conscious of Tim's searching glances.

"And now, if you'll accuse my, there's something I have to take care of numeritation." A special sort of working present."

Low was disconcerted. "A wedding present."

early?"
"Why certainly," Tim told him. "It han't very easy to get just the right thing. And a special freed like Sem snoundly warms to get a very special pft."

Sam steeded he had taken enough, He grabbed the transmit and he cost and dodged through the door. By the time he came to be used tools using oil to beareding the time he came to be used to the cost of the beareding the cost of t

he wanted to see you "
"Which must? The tall, old fellow"

Mrs. Lipenti modelot, her arms fodded complacently actors her class. "Such an ungbessant person! When I old him you wern't in, he missted! I take him up to your room. I said I couldn't do that wildous your permission and he looked at me fit to kill. I've never believed an the only open myell—alloogs I always age where there is snoke there must be fit—but if there is such a thing as an out que, the loss in the could be a such as the out que, the loss in the country to the out que, the loss in the country to the property of the country to the country of the country to the transfer of the country to the country of the transfer of the country of the country of the country of the country of country of

"Yes. He saked me when you usually return and I said about eight o'clock, figuring that I you didn't want to meet him it would give you fines to change your clocks and wash up and leave before he gots here. And, Mr. Weber, If you'll exceed me for swines this. I don't that it we were if you'll exceed me for swines this. I don't that we were "Thanks, But when he comes in at eight, show him up.
If he's the right person, I'm in illegal possession of his
property. I want to know where this property originates."

In his room, he put the manual away enerfully and told the box to open. The Junior Biocalibrator was not too bulky and navigaper would suffice to cover it. He was no it's way marrow in a few minutes with the stranger's shared

his way uptown in a l parcel under his arm

Did be still want to duplicate Tima, be pondered? Yes, in spite of everything. She was still the woman he desired more than any he had ever known, and with the original married to Lew, the replies would have no choice but list-acid Colive-he recibies would have Tim's characteristics.

up to the moment the measurements were taken; she might insist on marrying Lew as well.

That would make for a left of a sixthesayshim. But he was fill make from that bridge, It might were be answere. The possibility of error was more unarying. The Tina he would make might be of center in a number of way; test might overlap prins the assumption of the control produced from the compact, he might, in time, come to digital the one tomate the firm that the meanty implicit on his model which would not such that did mild not produced and borne froil. As yet, he was no great abilities as a winner and human misstoographer, the errors he had not a return of a winner and human misstoographer; the errors he had the mind misstoographer; the errors he had the mind that the mind that the mind the mind the mind the mind that the mind the mind the mind the mind the mind the mind

made on Mrs. Laponts's meco demonstrated his amateur

the proved defective. Outside of the chivalrous concepts and almost supersidious reverence for womenked pressed into him by a small town boyhood, there was the unmilgated borror he felt at the ules of such a beloved object going through the same disintegrating process as—well, the mannitien But if he overleaded an essential in his con-

seruction, what other recourse would there be: Solution: nothing must be overhooked, Sam grinned biterly as the ancient elevater swayed up to his office. If he only had time for a little more practice with a pursue whose reactions be howe so exactly that any deviation from the noem would be instantly obvious! But the transact all may avoid be easilies trajects and if his basitariance all may avoid be easilies trajects and if his basi-

from the norm would be instantly obvious! But the strange, cld man would be calling totalph; and, if this business concerned "Bild-A-Man" sets, Sam's experiments might be absempt; committed. And where would be fitted such a person-be had few raid friends and no institute ones. And, no be at all valuable, it would have to be semione for the set all statushed.

One to know as wen as minutes.

Hinsiell

"Floor, sir." The elevator operator was looking at him reproachfully. Sum's existent show had coased him to being the carrier to a sposmode atop as inches under the floor level, something he had not done since that bygone day when he had first pervously reached for the controls.

He fell his refuturaastive was under a shadow as he mo-

And why not himself? He know his own physical attributes better than he knew Tina's; any mental instability on the part of his reproduced self would be readily discernible loss before it reached the point of psychosis or



warse. And the beauty of it was that he would have no computation in disassembling a superfluous Sem Wober. Quite the contrary: the horror in that situation would be the continued existence of a duellate personality, its re-

moval would be a celled.

Tojenning himself would provide the necessary practice
in a familiar medium. Ideal. He'd have to take careful
notes so that if anything went wrong he'd know just where
to aword egoin gelf the track in making his own personal

Tinn.

And maybe the old gener whon't interested in the set at all. Even if he were, Sun could take his landlady's advice and not be at heme when he called. Silver listings

wherever he looked.

Lew Keight stared at the instrument in Sam's hands.

What in the secred name of Blackstone and all his commentionies is that? Looks this a lawn moment for a window

mentions is their Looks like a sawn mower for a window box.\*\*
"It's uh, sort of a measuring gadget Gives the right size for one thing and another and this and that Wort't be able to get you the wodding prosent I have in mind unless I know the right see: Or sucs. Tim. wend you mind step-

prog out into the holl?"
"Nooo," She looked dubiously at the gadget. "It won't
hurt?"
It wouldn't heat a bit, Sam assued her "I just want to
keep this a scene from Lew sill ofter the ceremony."
She brightened at that and preceded Sam through the

called at Lew as they left "Hey counseler, don't let him do that. Possession is nine points, Sam always says. He'll never brang her back."

Law chickled weakly and bent over his work.
"Now I want you to go mot the ladder com," Sam explained to a bewidered Time. "I'll stand grand outside and tell the other customers that the place is out of order. If another woman is inside wait until she leaves. Then strap."

"Strip?" Tima squealed.

"Strips" this asperanou. Then very corefully, emphasizing every aguificant dental of operation, its told her how to use the planter Brookshows. How she mass be careful so keek made to be a surface of the planter brookshows. How she mass be careful so keek every external suprare insh of her body. "This fifth arm will enable you to lower it down your back. No questions now. Git." She pit.

She was back in afficient mistures, flutfing her dress into

place and studying the tape with a rapt frown. "This is the strangers thing. — According to the spool, my indine content..."

Sam snaffled the Biocalibrator hurriedly. "Don't give in

Sam snaffled the Biocalibrator hurriedly. "Don't give it another thought. It's a code, kind of. Tells me just what size and how many of what kind. You'll be crazy about the gift when you see it."

the git when you see it."
"I know I will." She bent over him as he kneefed and
examined the tape to make certain she had applied the
instrument correctly. "You know, Son, I always felt
your tast was perfect. I want you to come and visit us
often after we're morried You can have such beaufful.



idens! Lew is a bit too . . . too businessiike, isn't he? I mean it's necessary for success and all that, but success isn't everything. I mean you have to have culture, too. You'll

help me læng odlutnell, sordt year, Smill\*

"Smir", Sman and yearly. The saye was compilent Now
"Smir", Sman and yearly. The saye was compilent Now
The transplant of the same of the same

ties: the blue and red one almost lighted up the roomordered the box to open-and be was ready to begin.

First the water. With the large amount of water necessary to the human body, especially in the case of an adult, be mishe as well date collection in now. He had bought worth

eral pans and it would take his lene faucet some time to fill them all.

As he placed the first pot under the tap, Sam wondered tordernly if its chemical impurities might affect the end product. Of course it might! These children of 2161 would peoboly take absolutely pure H<sub>2</sub>O as a matter of daily did he know what kind of water they had available? Well, he'd boil this batch over his chomical stove, when he got to making Tina he could see about getting aqua com-

pletchy para.

Score another point for making a simulacrum of Sam

Score another point for making a intuitiorum of Sam first.

With waiting for the water to boil, be arranged his supplies to positions of maximum availability. They were getting low. That boby had taken up quite a bit of usefulingredients, soo bad he hadd's usen his way clear to dissummibling it. That meant if there were stay argument in team of all-induction the notice of binned! In one of brine, it

was now invalid. He'd have to take it apart in order to have enough for Tina II. Or Tina prints? He leaded through Chapters VI, VIII and VIII on the ingredients, completion and dissearchifus of a man. He'd been through this several times before but he'd reside them.

more than one law exam on the strength of a last-nimite review.

The constant reference to mental instability disturbed him. "The himsans construend with this set will, and the very best, show most of the supervisitious tradencies and necessions. Ornegistures of medieved markful. In the large run they are not normal; take great care not consider them such." Well, it wouldn't make too much difference

in Tima's case—and that was all that was important.

When he had finished adjusting the molds to the correct
sizes, he fastened the vitalezer to the bed. Then—very, very
slowly and with repeated glances at the manual, be began



limitations and capabilities in the next two hours than any man had over known since the day when no inconspicuous primate had investigated the possibilities of ground locomotion upon the nether extitution slore. Strangels occupils, by fell neither awn one equitation.

It was like building a radio receiver for the first time. Child's play.

Most of the vials and jars were empty when he had finished. The damp melds were stacked inside the box,

finished. The damp molds were stacked inside the box, still in their three-dimensional outline. The manual lay neplected on the floor. Sam Weber stood near the bed looking down at Sam

Sem Weber stood near the bed looking down at Sam Weber on the bed.

All that remained was vitalizing. He daren't wait too long or imperfections might set in and the errors of the harby by request He shook off in automaties fedire of

unceality, made certain that the big disassembleator was within reach and set the bifty Visilizer in motion. The man on the bed coughed. He stirred. He sat up. "Wow!" he said. "Pretty good, if I do say so myself!" And then he had leaped off the bod and sciend the disassembleator. He tore great chanks of wiring out of the

And then he had leaped off the bod and scized the disinsembleator. He tore great chunks of wiring out of the center, threw it to the floor and kicked it into shepciesness. "No Sword of Damocles going to hang over my head," he informed an open-minded Sam Weber. "Although, I could have used it on you, come to think of it."

Sam eased himself to the mattress and sat down fills mind stopped searing and whinnied to a halt. He had been so impressed with the helplessness of the baby and the mannikin that he had never dreamed of the possibility that his deplicate would enter upon hie with such enthusiasm. He should have, though, this was a full-grown man, created as a moment of complete physical and mental

"This is bod," he said at last in a house voice. "You're untable. You can't be admitted into normal society." "I'm sursable" his image asked "Look who's tabling! The gay who's been mooning his way through his adult life, who waits to marry an overdrassed, concerted collection of biologocal impulses that would come crawfing on her knees to any man sensible enough to push the qight

buttons."
"You leave Tina's name out of this," Sum told him, feeling acutely encomformable at the theatracal phrase. His double looked at him and granned. "OR, I, will. But not her body! Now, look here, Sam or Weber or whatever you want in the full joy, any can they your life accept you want in the full joy, any can they your life the particular to the property of the property of

idea, by the way—I have enough of your likes and dishlot to want her badly. And I can have her, whereas you can't. You don't have the gamption." Sum Inspect to this fort and doubtled his fins. Then be saw the other's entirely equal size and slightly more assured twinks. There was no point in fighting—there assured twinks. There was no point in fighting—the was sured twinks. There was no point in fighting—the was end in a draw, in best, He went back to reason.

"According to the measural." He besen: "You use mone



"The manual! The manual was written for children of two ensturies hence, with quite a bit of selective breeding and scientific education behind them. Personally, I think I'm n-"

There was a double knock on the door, "Mr. Webee."
"Yes," they both said simultaneously.
Datside, the landlady gasped and began specking in an
uncertain voice "Th-that gentlemin is downstain. He'd

like to see you. Shall I tell him you're in?"
"No, I'm not at bome," said the double.
"Tell him I left an hour ago," said Sam at exactly the

same moment.
There was another, longer gasp and the sound of foot-

steps receding hurnedly.

"That's one clever way to handle a situation," Sam's facilitie exploded. "Couldn't you keep your mouth shut? The poor woman's probably goes off so have a fit."

"You forget that this is my room and you are just an experiment that went wrong," Sam told him helly. "I have just as much right, in fact more night... hey, what do you think you've denge?"
The other had thrown ones the closet door and was

stopping life a pair of parts. "Just getting dressed, You can wander around in the nufe if you find it exciting, but I want to look a bit responsible." "I undressed to take my measurements... or your measurements. Those are my clothes, this is my room."
"Look, take it easy. You could never power it in a court of low. Both makes me to the of life's before where."

yours a mise and so forth."

Heavy feet resounded through the ball. They stopped outside the room. Cymbels seemed to cloth all around thrin and there was a patie-stricken seeme of seemdumble heat. Then shell schoes the intoo the distance. The walls

stopped shuddering. Silence and a small of burning wood

They whited in time to see a terribly tall, terribly eld man in a long black overcoast walking through the smoldcing remains of the door. Much too tall for the entrance, he did not stoop as he come in; rather he down his head down into his general and shot it up opsin. Instinctively, they moved closes together.

His eyes, all thing black tris without any white, were set back deep in the shadow of his head. They restricted Sum Weber of the scanners on the Biocalibrator; they substated, deduced, rather than now. "I was afficial I would be too late," be runtiled at last

in write, chipped tones. "You have a fressly applicated yourself, Mr. Weber, making necessary unpleasant rearrangements. And the duplicate has destroyed the disassembleator. Too bad, I shall have to do it manually.

He come further into the room until they could almost be used their fright upon him. "The other has already dishocated four major programs, but we had so move in accepted cultural grooves and be absolutely certain of the recipion's identify before we could act to withease the set Mrs. Lipsuit's collapse naturally utimalated interpretafrances:"

measures."

The duplicate cleared his threat. "You are—"
"Not exactly human. A humble civil servent of precision manufacture. I am Census Kerner for the entire

twenty-nisth obbrug. You see, your set was intended for the Thergander childran who are on a field inty in this oblining. One of the Threganders who has a Weber chair requested the set through a chronicrones which, in amguested the set through a chronicrones which, in an amongs of the supermental, unreabled without carnuplicisting. You therefore received the puckage instead of foremattly, the unstabling was so occupiest that we were

forcod to locate you by indirect methods."

The Census Keeper paused and Sam's double hitched his pants nervously. Sam wished he had anything—even

a fig leaf-to cover his nakedness. He felt like a character in the Garden of Eden trying to build up a logical case for apple eating. "We will have to recover the set, of course," the statestion

"We will have to recover the set, of onurse," the stacend thunder continued, "and readjust any discrepancies it has caused. Once the matter has been cleared up, however, your life will be allowed to resume its normal progression. Measwhite, the problem is which of you as the original Sam Weber?"
"It am," they both quavered—and turned to glass at each

other.
"Deficulties," the old man rumbled He sighed like an arctic wind. "I always have difficultied Why can't I ever

"Look beer," the duplicate began. "The original will be."

"Look beer," the duplicate began. "The original will be."

"Loss unstable and of better emotional balance than the

replica, "Sam interrupted. "Now, it seems—"
"That you should be able to tell the difference," the other concluded breathleasty. "From what you see and have seen of us, can't you decide which is the more valid member of suciety."

What a pathetic confidence, Sam thoraght, the follow was trying to display! Dain't be know he was up against someone who could really discern mental differences? This was no furnishing psychiatrist of the present, here was a creature who could see through externals to the most coherent presentily be such

"I can, naturally. Now, just a moment." He studied them carefully, his eyes traveling with judicious lessure up and down their bodies. They wanted, fidgeting, in a silence that nounded.

"Yes," the old man said at last. "Yes Quite." He walked forward. A long thin arm shot out.

He started to disassemble Sam Weber.

"But listenanne" began Weber in a yell that turned into a high scream and dud in a liquid marriele.

"It would be better for your sarrier if you din't watch."

"It would be better for your sanity if you didn't watch," the Census Keeper suggested.

The deplicate exhalted slowly, tuened away and bugan to button a shart. Behind him the mambling communed, rising and follow in witch.

"You see," came the clipped, rumbling accents, "it's not the gift set a straid of letting you have—it's the principle involved. Your collisation isn't ready for it. You understand."
"Parkettly," realied the counterfest Weber, knottung

Aust Maggir's blue and red fie. Selection were, Assume SMD
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